

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me.

Exit.

Scæna 4. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous,

Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.

This short flo-
rish of Cor-
nets and
Showtes with
in.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seene
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher synewes;
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrastle,
That these times can allow.

Arcite. I am proud to please you.*Thes.* What Countrie bred you?*Arcite.* This; but far off, Prince.*Thes.* Are you a Gentleman?*Arcite.* My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heire?*Arcite.* His yongest Sir.*Thes.* Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship; yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,
I would be thought a Souldier.

Thes. You are perfect.*Pirith.* Vpon my soule, a proper man.*Emilia.* He is so.*Per.* How doe you like him Ladie?*Hip.* I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble
(If he say true,) of his fort.

Emil. Beleeve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,
His face me thinks, goes that way.

Hyp. But his Body

And

And fire minde, illustrate a brave Fash
Per. Marke how his vertue, like a l

Breakes through his baser garments.
Hyp. Hee's well got sure.

Thes. What made you seeke this pl
Arc. Noble *Theseus*.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest
To such a well-found wonder, as thy v
Fo onely in thy Court, of all the wor
dwells faire-cyd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy:*Thes.* Sir, we are much endebted tNor shall you loose your wish: *Perith.*

Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

Perith. Thankes *Theseus*.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I sha

To a most noble service, to this Lady.

This bright yong Virgin; pray obse

You have honoured hir faire birth-da

And as your due y'ar hirs; kisse her

Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: deare

Thus let me seale my vovd faith: w

(Your most unworthie Creature) b

Command him die, he shall.

Emil. That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall soon

Y'ar mine, and somewhat better tha

Per. Ile see you furnish'd, and beo

You are a horseman, I must needs i

This after noone to ride, but tis a rou

Arc. I like him better (Prince)

Freeze in my Saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be readieAnd you *Emilia*, and you (Friend)

To morrow by the Sun, to doe obs

To flowry May, in *Dians* wood:Vpon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope

He shall not goe a foote.